

above all, the demon of intemperence, hold their sway—from whence the little child goes forth at midnight, pleading "Father, dear father, come home!" and oftentimes pleads in vain.

Alas, that such should exist, even in our very midst, making the sacred name of home a mockery and a scorn!

Let us turn from the dark page, and glance through those glowing windows upon a group assembled around the cheerful hearth, the light from the blazing fires, illuminating each happy face, as the ripples of childhood's laughter ring out with echo to some merry tale or sportive jest.

Truly that is a home for love! But in the fullness of their deep joy, may they reflect upon the desolate, the uncared-for, the pilgrim in life's lonely waste.

Mocked by the memories of a home,

And homeless everywhere!

No, not everywhere, for there is another, brighter and fairer than that on earth.

And there's no night in the home-land,

But aye the fadeless morn!

And they who patiently and prayerfully watch and wait, will one day hear the angel voices calling, and see forever the beauty of God's kingdom.

Tom's Thanksgiving.

I believe a boy can be as thankful on Thanksgiving Day as a man, if he tries awful hard. Some boys are too mean to try, and they generally die off in the spring.

First, I'm thankful I ain't a girl. Girl's can't slide down cellar doors, and hitch on, or throw snowballs worth a cent. They can't take bumps like boys, and if they roll off a sled and their mothers find it out they get boxed.

Second, I'm thankful that dad is still alive. When he dies I'll have to split the wood and build the fires. He is

(that is dad) cleaning off the snow and thawing out the penstock.

Third, I'm thankful I'm not in the grave, where some boys are. Some have been taken, and some left, and I'm glad I'm one of the left. It's about the only thing I ever did get left on. They say it don't hurt a boy any to die, but I don't want to try it.

Fourth, I'm not going to be thankful for turkey and oysters and two kind's of sauce, because we are a little off on finances this year. We're going to have chicken and mashed taters and pickles, and them's good enough for us. I'm going to pass my plate twice, whether it's fashionable or not. I think a boy with half a chicken in him feels more tony than the boy who didn't get anything but the neck.

Fifth, the more I think of it the more I see to be thankful for. I fell into the river twice last summer, and didn't stay there either time. I fooled with dad's revolver and * * * well, sent a bullet into sis' ear. I'm awful thankful it didn't hit her in the head. I found a dog and sold him for a pair of skates. I found ten cents, and forgot to hide it when I went to bed, and ma never found out. I guess I'll put that in among the thanks. I got run over by a butcher cart, and wasn't hurt at all. I'm thankful, and the butcher is mad.

Sixth, you bet I'm thankful! I kinder wish I was big enough to knock a boy's head off when he turned up his nose at my two-shilling skates, but I'll have to get along somehow, and be thankful that I can outrun any boy I can't lick.

T. M.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

It is a fact worth remembering that it does not take half as long to make a wound as it does to heal one.